First Kisses

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First Kisses

by ElizaD

Summary

A chapter for every episode of season one. Thirteen times Hannibal kisses Will for the first time.

Notes

I know I shouldn't be starting something new but sometimes a little drabble gets the creative juices flowing.

See the end of the work for more notes

Aperitif

Will looked lovely, soft from sleep in just his short boxes and tight t-shirt with his dark hair mussed. Hannibal could easily picture him post cotial, his cheeks flushed and breathing hard. Hannibal wondered how he would look dressed like his usual companions, wrapped up in designer labels with pale lace hidden underneath. The fragile beauty could never look anything less than delectable.

His pupils were dilated in the darkness of the room, almost obscuring that lovely stormy blue and behind his polite smile Hannibal was cataloguing his every movement. Hannibal's fantasies were every bit as intense as Will's tortured imaginings and he was detail oriented. He wanted to remember the gleam of his bright eyes and the way his lips parted when he inhaled.

Hannibal kept his eyes on Will's lips as he tasted the sausage, made from the innards of a young and flirty little piggy and spiced to perfection.

"It's delicious. Thank you."

It was already clear to Hannibal that he would forgive a high level of rudeness from Will but his polite response was delightful.

"My pleasure."

Watching people eat was one of Hannibal's favourite pastimes and Will ate greedily, appreciating the meal in its simplicity. Gorgeous as he was, Hannibal would like to see him with more meat on his frame, put there by his offerings. The meal had been an invitation and bait, a way to draw in the intriguing individual, but he would like to see Will devouring a rich three course meal in his dining room. Not the remains of meat from Cassie Boyle Something more flavourful for Will, paired with a strong full-bodied merlot and followed with a fine expensive smokey whisky. Perhaps when he was relaxed and satiated he would be a bit less prickly

"Just keep it professional."

Hannibal was determined to make sure Will would never become an official patient. He valued his medical licence, almost as much as good food.

"Or we could socialise like adults. God forbid we become friendly."

"I don't find you that interesting."

It didn't sound like a lie. Possibly denial as when Hannibal stood Will's eyes stayed fixed on him. Hannibal came closer. A hand resting on the chair next to Will's shoulder, fingertips grazing his heated skin. He leaned across Will, closer than needed to grasp the thermos and refill Will's cup. A gentle smile settled on his lips, hiding his sharp teeth.

"You will."

A fierce promise. He gave Will a second to respond before softly kissing his tempting lips.

The brush of lips was like a high note, light but crystal clear. It only lasted a second, long enough for Hannibal to taste bitter black coffee and long enough for Will's lips to part in surprise before Hannibal calmly took his seat and resumed eating.

"Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters."

It took Will a moment to respond, knocked off centre but righting himself quickly. Hannibal smiled at how Will had seen his gift for exactly what it was. He understood Hannibal's art though it would take weeks of late night replays before he would understand his kiss.

Tickles of electricity lingered on Hannibal's lips for the rest of the day.

Amuse-Bouche

Chapter Summary

Will cannot admit how he felt killing Hobbs until Hannibal gives him what he needs. Someone to cling to.

Chapter Notes

Life sucks. Hannibal helps.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will enthralled him completely. People generally disappointed him but there was something more to Will, not just his physical beauty but his unique talents. He was tied to Will now by Abigail, and their actions that day, and Will was tied to him too. He intended to continue delving into Will's tangled beautiful mind, find a route past the forts into the centre of him, secure their connection with cords of steel and keep him as long as he desired. Perhaps the monster that lingered under his person suit had recognised a thrilling potential challenge, or a worthy partner. Will had killed once and Hannibal knew how much he had enjoyed it. There was a radiant darkness in him that no-one else could see and Hannibal longed to feed it, nurture it. *Love it* . Bring it to full strength, before it was unleashed on the world.

"If your intention was to kill him, it's because you understand why he did the things he did," if anyone understood the longing for connection it was Will. He was silently screaming for someone to cling to, to keep him anchored, guide him. "It's beautiful in its own way."

"How can you find that beautiful?" Will's voice was harsh. Humans had searched for connection for centuries through poetry and art, though few had gone to the extreme of this gardener, his desperation was as beautiful as Will's ability to understand him.

"Why do you feel the need to remain blind to that beauty?" Hannibal asked. Will flinched but he stayed close, leaning on the desk. He stayed silent, Will could see it as clearly as Hannibal and it terrified him. "You resist the idea of giving voice to the unmentionable. How good it felt to kill Hobbs."

“Don’t,” the word was a whispered plea, his eyes closed against the truth. That nothing had ever felt as good as killing Hobbs. He missed the fleeting smile on Hannibal’s face and when Hannibal’s cool lips pressed against his he did not pull away. Hannibal kissed him more firmly but let it remain chaste and when Hannibal released him Will leaned forward, following him another inch before opening his eyes. His eyes were blown wide with lust and he was desperate for the comfort offered. “I liked killing Hobbs.”

They were still close, sharing the charged air and Hannibal wove a hand into Will’s dark curls, keeping him there, locked in his scarlet gaze. “Killing must feel good to God too, he does it all the time,” he gave Will a fond smile and drew away, letting his fingers linger on the edge of his lips. “I will see you next week.”

He was forced to end the session immediately or else bend his lovely body over the desk and claim him. Not yet, Hannibal could wait, once he was certain Will was his he would take great pleasure in enjoying him fully. For now he had the delicious anticipation and the lingering taste of Will’s arousal.

Chapter End Notes

You know how much I love your reviews and your ideas.

My original work if available on Amazon under Lishiva Dee and Eliza Elgy. There is also a facebook group for Lishiva Dee.

As always kudos and comments bring me joy, while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

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Potage

Chapter Summary

When Will threatens Freddie Lounds Hannibal cannot resist his beautiful fire.

Chapter Notes

Hello anxiety my old friend. I missed you like a hole in the head.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"It's not very smart to piss off a guy who thinks about killing people for a living."

Hannibal kept his face passive and his body still, the danger radiating from Will was blinding, beautiful. He was quite correct, of course, for all her intelligence Freddie Lounds had remarkably few self-preservation instincts.

"I think it would be wise for you to leave now Miss Lounds," he suggested, carefully managing his voice, his senses focusing on Will.

"Think about what I said," she suggested, moving towards her car.

"I won't," Will snapped back, staying still until her car had pulled away. Rolling his eyes Will moved to his own vehicle, then he turned to Hannibal. "Jack is gon-"

He was cut off by Hannibal's lips on his. He gasped in shock and Hannibal thrust his tongue into his mouth, overwhelming him completely and pressing his body against the car. Will responded automatically and Hannibal hands grasped his waist, pulling him closer.

It was like a spark suddenly blooming into a bonfire. Will wove his fingers into Hannibal's silken tresses, clutching him tightly and kissing him hungrily, clinging with desperation. The air around them was charged with heat and desire, despite the snow on the ground Will could feel sweat on his brow. Hannibal's body was like a furnace and he couldn't get close enough.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s trembling body, holding him close as he explored the sweetness beyond Will’s lips and swallowed his moan when Hannibal’s tongue flicked against the lid of his mouth. He drew Will's plump bottom lip into his mouth, sucking it roughly before realising it and swiping his tongue over the swollen red flesh.

Hannibal groaned low in his throat when Will's teeth grazed his lower lip, biting just enough to sting, holding back. The hint of violence made Hannibal's want spike and a jolt of

electricity travelled down his spine, wrapping around his swelling dick.

He pressed himself closer to Will, trapping him tight between the cold metal of the car and his burning body. He forced a thick thigh between Will's legs and pushed his hips forward briefly, enough for Will to feel the effect his lips were having. A high pitched cry came from Will, his body trembled against Hannibal’s and he squirmed deliciously.

Feeling his iron grip on his self control slipping, Hannibal forced himself to step back, keeping a firm grip on Will's hips. The disappointed whine that came from Will was irresistible and Hannibal swiftly pecked him softly in an effort to taste the sound.

Will gazed up at him with hazy eyes and wide-blown pupils, bracing himself against the car to stay upright. "Why…?" He trailed off in disbelief.

"I am sure Jack will be furious at the both of us when you are no doubt quoted. However I found that fire in you absolutely stunning. I could not have resisted had I tried," he answered, long fingers trailing over Will's flushed lips.

"Did you?" Will asked faintly. "Try."

Hannibal's smile widened. "Not in the slightest," their eyes met for a moment before Hannibal stepped away and moved to the other side of the car. "Would you care to join me for lunch?" He asked pleasantly.

"Yes," Will answered, still looking somewhat dazed as he slid into the car. "Lunch would be good."

Chapter End Notes

A little offering while you are waiting for more updates. I got distracted by another idea that I will not be posting until I have wrapped up my current works in progress.

It will have feathers, beautiful if inaccurate costumes, a couple of rather handsome aristocrats and tight trousers.

If you desire more my original work is available on amazon kindle under my pen names of Lishiva Dee and Eliza Elgy. There is also a Facebook group for Lishiva Dee if you wanna say hi!

As always kudos and comments bring me joy, while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully recieved.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

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Chapter Summary

Will's needs match the needs of his inner darkness. Both need to be embraced by the only would can understand.

Chapter Notes

Episode 4. Remember this is a different kind of first kiss, the previous chapters did not happen.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Guilty," it was an emotion Hannibal hadn't felt in a long time. There was regret over patients he was unable to save but not guilt. Not since he failed Misha.

"Because you couldn't save her," he wanted to tell Will that his guilt was unwarranted. No-one knew the girl was in danger until she was cold. Only her killer.

"Because I felt like I killed her," Hannibal's face didn't change but he was thrilled that Will could feel what he did, like they shared it. "Sometimes…I felt like we were doing the same things at different times of day… like I was eating…or showering or sleeping at the same time he was," Will believed he was talking about Garret Jacob Hobbs, no. The killer he was so intimately tied to sat opposite, leaning forward. Hannibal could sense the cord between them tightening, growing stronger.

"Even after he was dead?"

"Even after he was dead," Hannibal wanted to tear the memory of that man from Will's mind. Hobbs had brought Will to his door but now his lingering ghost kept Will from seeing the truth. The man had served his purpose, opened the door to Will's true self.

"Like… you were becoming him," Will's becoming would be something completely different from Hobbs's. The connection there was imagined, a gossamer thread that Hannibal looked forward to snapping.

"I know who I am," the words were weak. Will's grip on his own sense of self was already tentative, he was still afraid to find his core and face the darkness there. "I'm not Garret Jacob Hobbs, Dr. Lecter," Hannibal wanted to smile.

Will was not Garret Jacob Hobbs, that was clear. He could have been; a crazed man, terrified of being alone. But Will had found a better form of therapy, his pack kept the madness at bay. Madness was unspeakably ugly.

But nothing could restrain the beautiful killer that lurked behind the trappings of normality, not forever. The dark captivating creature that called out to Hannibal, begging to be embraced by one who could understand.

Its desires were the same as Will's.

Hannibal stood and came towards Will who stayed with his head bowed. He crouched before Will, waiting quietly until Will looked at him. When he did he gave a gentle encouraging smile.

"No Will, you are not Garret Jacob Hobbs," he placed a hand on Will's cheek, feeling a rush of excitement when he did not jerk away. Instead his pretty eyes fluttered shut, accepting the comfort but wanting to resist. Too weak to do so.

Will opened his mouth to speak but Hannibal silenced him with a kiss. Will relaxed into it, fingers reaching, needing to hold onto something to keep his mind from splitting apart.

But there was more than need, Hannibal could taste want, lust. The darkness rose up to meet Hannibal, to welcome and challenge him. He gasped when Will bit his lower lip harder than he'd expected, violence breaking free for a moment.

Perfection.

Chapter End Notes

Opinions please.

My original work is available on amazon kindle. Just search for Eliza Elgy or if you want the dirty Lishiva Dee.

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Coquilles

Chapter Summary

There was a fevered sweetness in the air and Hannibal needs a taste

Chapter Notes

Chapter 5. Hannibal can't resist drinking in as much of Will as possible, while he can.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was even more unfocused than usual, visibly exhausted. He was sleeping more but his dreams kept him from resting. His mind and body ached for rest but everytime he gave himself to sleep the killers buried in his mind awoke and began to torment him when he was at his most vulnerable. His body tried to escape and led him into danger. Thank God Winston made sure to keep watch over him.

Hannibal could see how it was affecting him. Will had a well of strength inside him but it belonged to the darkness and he was still more afraid of that than of breaking. He was fragile, and it was beginning to concern Hannibal, there was no point in him slowly breaking Will down if Jack shattered him completely first. Jack was more of a problem than he originally anticipated.

Will felt he had no choice but to suffer, he did.

“Angel Maker will be destroyed by what's happening inside his head. You don't have to be,” Hannibal told him. Will could not handle it alone, but he no longer had to. Hannibal would let him lean on him until he found his own strength, guide him, help him unlock the door and witness his becoming.

Will's gaze focused on a heavy stag statue trailing his fingers along the edge of its antlers. Hannibal moved closer, Will was radiating heat and there was something dangerous vibrating in the air.

He could not help but inhale, his curiosity demanding satisfaction. Will smelled incredible, like pine needles and river water, pure and fresh and clean. Over that was some sort of aftershave, the ingredients were not good enough quality and there were too many top notes mixed together, not balanced correctly. But there was something else, a fevered sweetness that was new. It was not something he had smelt before, almost like boiling sugar.

Sickness of the brain.

“Did you just smell me?” Will asked, uncomfortable as anyone would be.

“Difficult to avoid,” Hannibal lied smoothly. “I really must introduce you to a finer aftershave. That smells like something with a ship on the bottle.”

Will chuckled lightly at that, glancing over his shoulder. “Well, I keep getting it for Christmas.”

With a steady hand he guided Will to fully face him, placing his hands on his shoulders to ground him. “Your natural scent is so much more appealing,” the burning smell grew stronger as he moved closer, firmly pressing his lips to Will's, sliding his tongue into his mouth and devouring his taste. He wove his fingers into Will's hair, cradling his skull as he drew back with a pleased hum.

“Have your headaches been any worse lately? More frequent?” He pressed his fingers to Will's temples, massaging the pressure points there, delighted at Will's small sigh of relief.

“Yes, actually,” Will admitted.

Hannibal smiled softly. “I'd change the aftershave.”

Will laughed and Hannibal's heart skipped a beat. Even when he was suffering Hannibal got to see him shine.

Chapter End Notes

I'd love to know which chapter of this you like best. Please let me know my beautiful motivating angels.

My original work is available on kindle, Eliza Elgy and Lishiva Dee. Free if you have kindle unlimited.

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Entrée

Chapter Summary

> Will is the only one with the potential to understand the ripper. It hurt when he says Hannibal art is without passion.

Chapter Notes

> This one is more about talk than the actual kiss but hopefully you will still enjoy. Also we get to see some of Hannibal's vicious side, he's been rather cuddly so far, but we know our cannibal has teeth.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“He's not the ripper,” Will said, pacing Hannibal's office. Of course he wasn't the ripper, Will knew that, as did Alana. Hannibal suspected Chilton did too, and Jack. Only poor mister Gideon believed the lie.

“No?”

“No. The ripper kills people because he is crazy,” Hannibal pursed his lips. Crazy, such a crude word. “Gideon was driven crazy by killing his wife and her parents. It was a crime of passion. That's not the ripper. He creates art but it's emotionless.”

Hannibal wanted to hurt Will. Grab a fistful of his curls, slam his pretty head into the floor hard enough to daze him but not knock him out, tear off his clothes and enter him dry, swallow his screams with his lips. He wanted to drink his tears, taste his blood and revel in his futile struggles. Brutalise him with his *emotions*. Will's broken and bleeding body would be his masterpiece.

“Art is emotion,” he responded in a flat tone, his person suit threatening to rip apart. He thought Will understood him better than that by now. The disappointment was like a shard of ice being thrust into his heart. Will betrayed him and it hurt like hell. “Do you really think your ripper is devoid of passion?” He held his breath.

Will took a long time to reply. “No, he’s not… unfeeling,” he answered. “The ripper, he experiences things more intensely than other people. He's capable of empathy but he can turn it off,” he said wistfully.

“You envy him that ability,” Hannibal stated.

“I do,” Will admitted. “Do you think he's lonely?” He asked, leaning against Hannibal’s desk. “They call him a monster but he is human, he needs connection.”

“Perhaps he has dogs,” Hannibal suggested.

Will chuckled weakly. “Is there anyone in his life who he considers…”

“Worthy?” Hannibal suggested. Will jumped when he spoke. He had been so lost in his internal thoughts he didn't notice his anchor moving silently closer, waiting. “He can empathise with his victims but they cannot understand him in return. If he is alone it may be because he is still searching for the person who can understand his art and his emotions. See him.”

“What happens when he finds that person?” Will wondered, looking up at Hannibal, vulnerable.

“That is up to you,” Hannibal told him.

“Me?”

“You understand him, how he sees his victims. Your empathy is painful to you, exposing you to unspeakably ugly truths. But to such a man as the ripper, you are beautiful,” he brushed back a curl. “It would be a tragedy if he never found you.”

“I do want to meet him,” Will admitted. “But I think it might break me.”

“You are much stronger than that,” Hannibal assured him. He stepped into Will’s personal space, pressing his lips to Will's, feeling him melt against him. When he drew back he enveloped Will in an embrace before Will could respond. “Trust me Will. I will not have him break you.”

Not yet.

Chapter End Notes

I would love some suggestions for future chapters as I love hearing what you think.

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Sorbet

Chapter Summary

Will has a date with the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal is jealous but the wait for Will is so delicious he can't help but enjoy it.

Chapter Notes

Another episode down and six more to go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will looked out of place in his rumpled clothes standing in Hannibal's kitchen with catering staff flitting around, trying to leave but reluctant to do so. Hannibal had of course invited him to his latest dinner party but Will had not accepted. However, unlike every other time he did not immediately say no. He hadn't actually said no at all. Hannibal had not expected Will to arrive, earlier than everyone else and not dressed for the occasion.

He had brought a bottle of wine with an apology. Hannibal wanted him to stay, hoping that maybe, just this once, he would smile and agree. He didn't, but he also made no move to leave. Hannibal could sense that he wanted to stay, to say something.

Will had looked that way since the moment their eyes met over the half dead man. Hannibal's heart had almost stopped, in that second he realised it.

Will knew.

His beautiful clever boy could finally see him for what he was. It was several long seconds before he looked away, tucking the information away in his subconscious. Will wasn't ready to know yet, still torn between his friendship with Hannibal and Jack's grooming. Hannibal was confident in who he would choose in the end and it made the wait all the more delicious.

He bit back a smile when Will asked about his past as a surgeon. When Franklyn, or any other patient, asked questions Hannibal deflected, turned the question back on them, never revealing anything about himself to them. But when Will asked he answered, pouring a select part of himself into Will, an intimate piece, one he did not share lightly because it was the truth. Taking life was easy but losing a life he wanted to save, that was fucking awful.

"No-one has ever died as a result of my therapy," he answered with a gente smile.

“I do need to go,” Will said reluctantly. “Enjoy the wine.”

“Thank you. Let me see you out,” he followed Will to the door, hand hovering above his lower back.

“You hired a full wait staff for a dinner party,” Will observed.

“A dinner party is a celebration of food, it should be done right,” Hannibal informed him.

“I never really saw food as something to be celebrated, just eaten,” Will answered.

“Eaten and enjoyed,” Hannibal corrected with a slow smile. “Are you sure you can’t stay?”

Will wavered. Hannibal could lead him by the hand to the table and he would obey, but instead he waited. “Another time. Tonight I have a date with the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“Should I be jealous?” His tone was joking but he held Will’s eyes with a fierce intensity. Will didn’t answer, staring at him as in confusion, his brow furrowed over hopeful eyes. Hannibal smiled and stepped closer, cupping Will’s cheek in his hand and pressing a soft kiss to his lips, humming softly at the lovely feeling on Will’s chapped lips. “Another time,” he said softly. “Goodnight Will.”

Chapter End Notes

Time to ask for your vote. Once I have finished this story what would you like next? Season two? Or season one with dear Will initiating the kiss? You will eventually get both but which would you like first? I do love hearing your opinions.

As always kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

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XXX

Fromage

Chapter Summary

Will was alive and Hannibal is so relieved.

Chapter Notes

Two in one day. Do you love me again?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I was worried you were dead,” Hannibal had to grip the chair to stop himself from running into Will’s arms and never letting him go. He could hear the relief in his own voice and the horrible cold in his chest when he thought Will was gone began to thaw.

Jack was still talking. Hannibal answered automatically, focused on Will moving closer to him. Lying to Jack was easy, he'd had the story in his head as soon as he'd snapped Franklyn’s neck, now he just repeated the facts as they were expected. Jack accepted it easily and the forensics were getting ready to clear out along with the paramedics after giving him the okay.

Will leaned against the desk and reached for an antibacterial wipe. Hannibal closed his eyes as Will cleaned the blood off his face tenderly.

“I feel like I've dragged you into my world,” he sounded guilty. He had no idea that he was being led into Hannibal's darkness, closer every day.

“No, I got here on my own,” he placed a hand over Will's with a soft smile. “But I appreciate the company.”

“I'll leave you to your rest,” Jack said, disgruntled at not capturing the bad guy.

“Thank you Jack.”

Get out and leave me with Will.

“Do you want me to drive you home?” Will offered.

“I would appreciate that,” Hannibal answered, standing up and wavering slightly, resting a hand on Will's shoulder to steady himself.

“Are you sure you're okay?” Will asked in concern, his hands coming to Hannibal's arms.

“Yes, just shaken,” Hannibal answered. “I am glad you are here.”

When Will smiled and did not release him Hannibal leaned in, kissing him softly. Will responded after a couple of seconds, his lips parting easily under Hannibal's. When Hannibal’s tongue met his, Will let out the sweetest surprised moan and Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, pulling him in close. The relief was so strong that he wasn't being careful, pushing Will too far would cause him to flee but Will was kissing him back, slowly growing bolder and melting in his arms. He felt warm and solid and so alive. Hannibal wanted to keep kissing him, take him on the bloodied floor.

He felt Will tense and could almost hear his beautiful mind start to whir. He drew back but instead of releasing Will Hannibal leaned against him, burying his face in Will's neck, inhaling his scent.

Will did not hesitate to return the embrace, stroking him back soothingly and threading his fingers through his hair. The gentle comfort was unfamiliar but he welcomed it.

“It is always difficult to lose a patient,” Hannibal said softly, hiding the lie in Will's messy curls. “I could not bear to lose you too,” hearing himself speak the words made him realise how close to the truth it was.

“I don't want to lose you either,” Will spoke softly but Hannibal heard him clearly and he couldn't hold back a smile.

“You won't.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm still taking votes on the sequel. Season 2 or Will kissing Hannibal

Any gossip girl viewers out there?

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Trou Normand

Chapter Summary

Will discovers some hard truths and Hannibal uses it to pull him in closer.

Chapter Notes

Twice in one day, who am I? This one is more internal than the others, poor Will is so vulnerable and it's beautiful. Hannibal loves it as much as we do.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had known that Abigail was not innocent, even before she butchered the boy but he was unsure about revealing it to Will too soon. He could make an educated guess of his reaction but Will was proving to be delightfully unpredictable. He should know about Nicholas Boyle but Hannibal needed to keep her role as bait hidden for a little while longer, until Wil was ready to hunt with them.

Will was not stupid, he knew there was a possibility that Abigail was guilty but the full truth would still be hard on him. Hannibal wanted to be there so he could guide Will to the right conclusion. That they needed to protect their daughter, together. She would be safe, from Jack, from Freddie Lounds and the blame for her Father's sick crimes.

Hannibal was waiting for Will to figure it out, he knew he would soon and Hannibal was ready to protect the family they were building. He, Will and Abigail, they would protect each other and kill anyone who threatened their lives together.

When Will finally confronted him with the truth Hannibal did not deny it, he disclosed his involvement and once he had convinced Will of what the only option was, he gave him the illusion of choice.

"Do I need to call my lawyer Will?" He had to hold back his smile as Will reacted exactly how he had hoped. He shook his head and agreed that they would tell no-one. Hannibal drove the point home further and Will agreed easily, letting Hannibal guide him deeper down the path of sin and deception. Will turned to look out the window, drawing away in hopes of blinding himself to what was happening to the evil of the worlds and how it thrust into every area of his life. He would never tell, not if it meant losing Abigail and not if it meant putting Hannibal away too.

Hannibal moved in closer, forcing Will to connect to him, let him into his confused mind. He put a hand on Will's shoulder, comforting him and holding him in place, attaching a leash to him. Will would look beautiful in a collar.

"We are her fathers now, we have to serve her better than Garret Jacob Hobbs," Will nodded unconsciously, his desire for a family making him open to them both. Hannibal guided Will with a firm hand to face him. Will met his eyes, looking to him with hope as though he was the balm to heal his wounds.

Hannibal kissed him hard, when Will's mouth opened in shock he took advantage and conquered his mouth with his tongue, offering him the love he so desperately craved and trapping him in invisible strings. Will whimpered gently and melted into Hannibal's body, just in time for Hannibal to pull back and return to watching the dark night outside.

With a hand on his shoulder and a hard kiss Hannibal drew Will deeper into his darkness, wrapping it in seduction.

Chapter End Notes

Four more episodes to go and the next instalment with feature THAT ladder scene. Voting is now open for what you want for the sequel. Hannibal stealing more kisses in season two or do you want to see the flip side of Will initiating their first kiss? There and some shots that had me begging for him to just go for it. The lives that could have been saved had the just banged it out on Jack's death when they first met. Clearly uncle Jack doesn't care about Will falling to pieces, would he draw the line at public sex? in case your wondering, part 7 of this series (assuming I get that far) will be E rated.

Please cast your vote, I need you!

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Buffet Froid

Chapter Summary

Will looks unbelievably tempted leaning back against the ladder, the world strongest man couple not resist him.

Chapter Notes

Another instance of kissing, you know what scene I had to pick.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal knew he was being obvious, By his standard, at least. Hearing Will describe the sensation of brutally murdering someone, the blood flowing over hands hot and slick, had him biting his lower lip and almost squirming. Will had not killed the girl, they both knew that, but his reaction to experiencing it, even through proxy, was intoxicating.

Will leaned back against the ladder, trying to convince himself that there was a physical reason for the problems in his mind. He was right. His brain was cooking and the disease was rampaging through him, faster than Hannibal had expected and he would need to see a doctor soon.

He moved closer to Will, stalking him like prey, the power giving him a dark thrill. He could smell the sickness more now, though it seemed to compliment Will's natural aroma of pine trees and freshly cut grass. His mind was distracted from medical matters and he found himself curious as to whether Will would accept an embrace. It would be crossing a line but he was so confused, weak.

Will leaned back against the ladder with a soft sigh, his back arching and hips canting forward. Hannibal clenched a fist, if he touched Will now it would escalate far too quickly and he needed to hold back. He would have Will in every way before sending him away and Hannibal would devour him completely, but it wasn't that time yet.

Nonetheless, he looked absolutely heavenly like that.

“Will,” he said softly, hands coming to rest on Will's shoulders. “I know a neurologist. I will call him first thing in the morning but you must calm yourself and at least consider the fact that what you are dealing with is mental illness,” he urged softly.

“I can’t do this job if I am mentally ill,” he said, caught between hopeful and terrified.

“No,” he admitted. Will's head fell back and his eyes closed, another sigh escaping his perfect lips, verging on a moan. Hannibal broke, pressing his lips to Will’s who melted against him. That meaningless kiss with Alana had been a clutch for balance and now Will was clutching him, kissing him back, fingers digging into his shoulders.

When they parted to breathe, Will reclined again, looking almost peaceful. A world away from the flustered mess Alana had left him. The sight was erotic but the kiss had not been, sensual as it was, it was another reach.

Hannibal continued watching Will, cataloguing the curves of his body and cadence of his breath. Will’s eyes opened, pupils blown wide and the thin irises gleaming. Hannibal smiled and moved a curl back from Will’s eye, his touch feather soft, pointed teeth only just visible.

“Will you come with me, to the appointment?” Will asked, eyes downcast.

“Yes, I will be there whenever you need me.”

My sweet fragile unspoiled angel. How I will enjoy burning those pure wings to ash, drowning you in blood until the demon arises.

He kissed Will again.

Chapter End Notes

Thought? Right now I have more votes for a sequel set in season two rather than a version when Will initiates kisses but it could only take a couple of votes to change that.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Rôti

Chapter Summary

Will arrives at Hannibal's home with Abel Gideon at gunpoint. Beautiful in his vulnerability, part of Will yearns for Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

Writers block, I apologize.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was a wreck. The speed that his illness was moving was impressive but also worrying. Hannibal had induced seizures occasionally but this was spontaneous, brought on by stress. Something he could not control.

But somehow, through the haze of hallucinations and fear he had found his way to Hannibal and brought Abel Gideon along who was watching the scene in interest.

“There is no-one there, Will,” he said softly, coming closer, trying not to spook him. Abel Gideon tilted his head in interest when the lie left his mouth.

“You came here alone Will,” the poor boy was shaking like a leaf, torn between what his own senses told him and what his friend said was so. Neither were true and his fingers were tightening around the gun in his hand. Hannibal moved slowly, cautiously, the situation could become dangerous in a second and he was as concerned for Will as himself.

“Will you’re having an episode. I want you to hand over the gun. Will…” it wasn’t even clear if he could hear Hannibal and had lost control of his body.

Hannibal took the gun from his hand, clicking on the safety and putting it to the side. He took Will’s face in his hands, sweat was pouring from his forehead and he was burning up. He was completely detached from the situation at present but still frightened, though he did not try to flinch away from Hannibal’s warm hands. He caught Will’s eyes for a moment, finding them wet and pleading but they glazed over within seconds. “Will?” He pushed softly. Will stood in place, trembling and disconnected.

Hannibal pushed sweaty hair back from his forehead, making sure he was steady and not going to collapse or faint. What he wanted was to carry Will up to bed and let him rest there where he could watch over him and indulge in the sweet scent of his vulnerability. But

Gideon was watching and he could not throw away such an opportunity, if he believed Chilton was going to be found guilty he would happily call Jack and hand him over but his actions today ensured that no-one would see Mr Gideon as anything but a deranged liar. The Chesapeake Ripper caught at last. The thought caused a simmering rage to surge in his stomach, a twisting wild animal that wanted to be free.

He was sure Will was safe but let his fingers linger on his cheeks. He was keeping half an eye on Gideon in his peripheral vision, knowing that was observing the scene carefully, witnessing the truth that no-one else had picked up on. It was a shame to see a mind like his go insane.

He gently pressed a soft kiss to Will's trembling lips, he tasted as sweet as he smelled and his mouth was like hell fire, he seemed ready to combust at any minute. As Hannibal pulled away he felt Will's lips twitch, almost as if he was trying to respond.

Chapter End Notes

I had a suggestion in the comments that I loved. What do you think of doing season 2 from Will's POV next? To be clear all three season Will eventually be done eventually I'm just deciding on the order. I hope you enjoyed this offering. I adore Abel Gideon.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received. As I am working on kinktober there will be a delay on requests but they will be done.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Relevés

Chapter Summary

> Will is in hospital recovering from his fever. Hannibal bring him a silkie chicken broth with wolfberries, ginseng, ginger, red berries and star anise. Chicken soup.

Chapter Notes

> If only we all had a sexy cannibal to bring up chicken soup when we are poorly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will struggled to sit up as Hannibal removed the lid from the bowl of food he had brought him. An offering free of human remains, what was best for Will at the current time. Hannibal took in his appearance. Will always looked lovely after sleep, softer, his jagged edges still there but less dangerous. His nostrils flared as he inhaled the new scents.

“Silkie chicken in a broth. A black-boned bird prized in China for its medicinal values since the seventh century,” Hannibal supplied. “Wolfberries, ginseng, ginger, red dates and star anise,” a delicious meal with everything Will needed to help him recover so he could be returned to Hannibal’s exclusive care.

“You made me chicken soup.” Will stated, his voice was almost hopeful. A simple southern boy in need of comfort food.

Hannibal felt the irritation spike hot inside him before it was washed away by fondness. He would be plotting what kind of soup to make out of anyone other than Will, his affection for him was a marvel.

“Yes.”

He turned away to hide his wondrous smile, perfectly arranging the food on the table before turning to face Will. “How are you moving?” He asked.

“Better,” Will answered, swinging his legs to the side, eager to leave him bed now he was under his own control once again. He managed to push himself upright but swayed when he took his first step. Hannibal was at his side in an instant, encircling his waist and placing a hand over his heart to hold him steady.

“Go slow,” he urged. “Are you dizzy?”

“No, I didn’t sleep well,” Will said.

They moved slowly to the table, Will letting himself be supported without complaint. Hannibal settled him into a chair, arranging Will’s limbs for him. He paused for a moment, bent over him, and Will’s breath caught when he realised how close they were. Hannibal scented the air, the feverish smell had lessened now and was masked by a zest of anticipation and the faintest hint of silky arousal. He closed the distance between their lips, his mouth warm and welcoming as he covered Will’s parted lips with his own. Will made a soft sound of surprise but swayed closer to Hannibal’s solid weight, if he had been standing his knees buckled under him.

“You rarely do,” Hannibal responded, resuming their conversation. “Eat your soup.”

Will obeyed. “Best chicken soup ever,” he said with a slightly cheeky smile. Hannibal raised one eyebrow, impressed that Will had noticed his annoyance, even though he was gently mocking him. Will backed down under his stare and blushed, looking down at the table. Slowly he raised his face to Hannibal’s with an adorable expression of sheepishness on his face. “It really is delicious. Thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

The genuine gratitude was beautiful, blue eyes slightly too bright from his temperature but lovely as ever. Hannibal forgave him in an instant. Though he would still love to put that darling brat over his knee.

Chapter End Notes

Final chapter will be next. Wind him up and watch him go!

I'm rewatching season 2 to prepare for the next part, I forgot how awesome Beverley was. RIP.

As always, kudos and comment bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, like and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

End Notes

You know I live for your comments. Feed me my darlings. I really like knowing what you think. Still a little nervous writing fics where everyone keeps their pants on.

I might continue through the other episodes once season one is done, unless you would rather see Will making the first move.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

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XXX

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